

Why the Franklin is the most comfortable and the most reliable of all automobiles.

The closest possible examination of the leading water-cooled automobiles shows them to be practically alike in all important features—alike in their construction principles, comfort and road ability. Yet it is claimed for each one that it is superior to the other.

Now an automobile in order to be essentially better than another must necessarily be different; for example, if it is more comfortable, there must be a reason for it. Water-cooled automobiles with their semi-elliptic springs and steel chassis frames all ride about the same. You can get but little more comfort with one than another.

The Franklin is different. It is really comfortable. With its four full-elliptic springs and laminated-wood chassis frame, it is the most comfortable automobile in the world.

Even the shock absorbers, rubber bumpers, and other devices used on water-cooled automobiles fail to give the comfort you want. Comfort, like any quality, must be founded in the design.

The comfort of the Franklin gives it the greatest road ability of all automobiles. You can make time everywhere. Passengers, even aged people, can ride long distances without fatigue. And being comfortable also means that the Franklin lasts indefinitely—it does not rack and strain itself. The deterioration and the rattle and noise which develop in other automobiles are avoided.

Other automobiles are all about the same on tires—usually unreliable. Their tires are too small and too weak. You know it; everybody knows it. So everywhere you go you carry an extra outfit of tires. This does not prevent the tire trouble with its annoying delays but it is the only thing you can do. Here again the Franklin is different. We practically eliminate tire trouble. The solution of the vexed problem is simply in providing tires large and strong enough for the service required. It is true that many automobiles are so heavy and stiff in construction that this is not practical. But the Franklin is light and flexible. It is easy on any tires, and with our 1910 tire equipment tire troubles are not a factor. You do not have to carry extra tires. The tires used are larger even than the tires used on water-cooled automobiles that weigh a great deal more.

Being mechanically reliable, as shown by winning severe reliability and endurance contests, and having reliable tires, the Franklin is the most reliable automobile you can buy.

In another important principle the Franklin is different, and that is the cooling system. This difference is for the same definite reasons as the other differences—to get better general results, greater reliability, lighter weight and greater comfort. The Franklin air-cooling system is as far in advance of water cooling as full-elliptic springs are better than semi-elliptic springs.

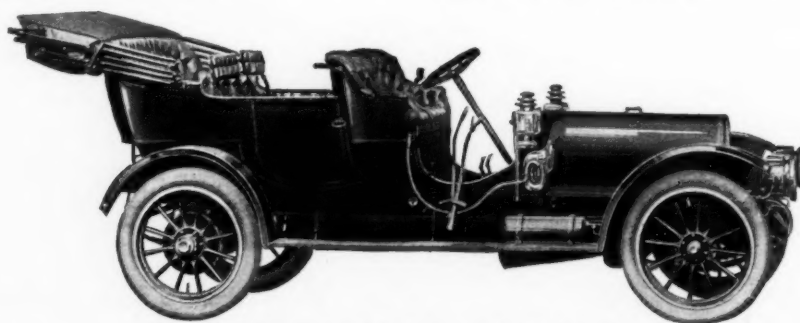
The announcement of our 1910 cooling system early last summer created a sensation. So marked and effective is it that its success and advantage were instantly recognized. It is superior in every way to any water cooling system. If you will make the test severe enough, you can satisfy yourself that the Franklin engine will cool perfectly when water-cooled engines will give trouble from overheating. Our cooling system cannot fail to work—there is nothing to get out of order. The only moving part is the suction-fan fly-wheel, and as a fly-wheel is required on any engine, the system is simplicity itself. This suction-fan fly-wheel is a new thing and is the most efficient fan known to science.

Franklin dealers will show you the new cooling system. You will understand it at a glance and will appreciate more than ever the advantage of air cooling over water cooling with its plumbing, weight and complication, and liability to freeze or boil dry.

The control is another feature in which the Franklin is also different. There is only the throttle lever. Ignition is by Bosch high-tension magneto with the Franklin governor which dispenses with the usual spark-advance lever. Better results are therefore obtained at all speeds.

The 1910 Franklins have been in use in all parts of the country for over five months and have thoroughly demonstrated the merit of the new cooling system.

Franklin automobiles are built in three chassis sizes, four- and six-cylinder, with sixteen different body styles embracing touring, two-, three- and four-passenger runabouts, close-coupled bodies, limousines, landaulets, town-cars and taxicabs.



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The Girl in Green

DEAR LIFE: Why did you do it? Were you so short of copy that you had to "pad" your November 4 issue with that typically *Town Topics* story, "The Girl in Green"? It is the very last word of the story that offends. That word makes the whole thing nasty.

I have read LIFE for years. Its cleverness and piquancy are delightful. For the first time I have found it vulgar. Oblige an old friend by not doing it again.

Very truly yours,

ROY M. HARDY.

NEW YORK, November 6, 1909.

Also the Girl in Green

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

This is an appreciation of "The Girl in Green."

At eight last night I brought the Thanksgiving LIFE to my room. At six this morning I am writing this, having sat in this same chair since I opened the book. In this "Girl in Green" has been set forth my own story, word for word, detail for detail, save that Adele we had always with us in the form of my splendid wife's crippled brother. "John's" salary and mine tallied exactly.

Now there can be no doubt of this great truth: There is a yellow streak in the man who can earn only a little money. There was a well-defined yellow streak in "John"; there is in me. There was one minor difference between us, that I had still my job when my "Mr. Kogel" took from me even that which I had.

Yesterday I could not have set down that last sentence, though it had saved a life. Last night I lived over again very clearly all the events of that old other night when I sat as one deaf, listening perhaps to the crippled brother asking, "Why don't you go and get her?" perhaps to something else. Now I can write it all.

I took the brother with me—he's with me yet. We stayed there a while, thinking she might come back. Such men have so many girls, you know, it seemed he might tire of her. But, finally, find-

(Continued on page 756)

The Artist Says: "It is Beneath my Art

to make fashion-drawings." It is curious that the best European artists do not think so. They have made an art of the fashion figure and made a handsome income for themselves. Are they wrong? Are they degrading their art? They are somewhat older over there than we are!

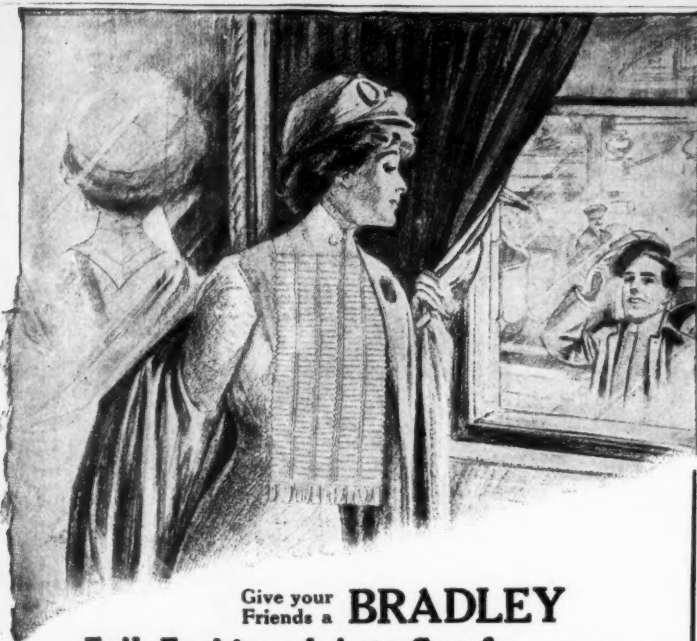
We want new fashion-artists, and will pay good prices for good work—not for the usual doll or lay-figure, but for pretty-looking, normal American girls and women—women who look as if they are alive.

We will welcome specimen work from anywhere and any one—or an inclination of interest from established artists.

The American Fashion Editors

The Ladies' Home Journal

Philadelphia



Give your Friends a **BRADLEY**

Full-Fashioned Auto Scarf for Christmas

They're the only satisfactory auto scarfs ever made. Knit long and wide, from pure Australian worsted, in fifteen attractive shades. Each with a fine ocean pearl clasp. Each in a separate box.

These auto scarfs have the Bradley "V"-Neck which insures a perfect fit and greater comfort. A Bradley Full-Fashioned auto scarf cannot crawl up, wrinkle or grow stringy. Always in shape and a thorough protector.

Price, \$1.50 Send to us if your dealer cannot supply you.

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Men's French Calf Lace Boot. Dull mat calf top. Medium straight flat last. Heavy single sole. Strictly bench made.

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Shoe Economy should not be gauged by the price per pair but by the cost per year. We are prepared to demonstrate and to guarantee the dollars and cents economy, by the year, of purchasing our custom-quality, ready-to-wear shoes.

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Upon request, we send photographs for out of town selection



ANOTHER SUFFRAGETTE TRIUMPH

"TOO LONG HAVE WE MEN, SERENE IN OUR PHYSICAL SUPREMACY, TREATED THE FAIR SEX AS OUR MENTAL INFERIORS, AND I NOW WISH TO DECLARE MY BELIEF THAT WOMAN, THOUGH SHE LACK THE BRUTE BRAUN OF THE STERNER SEX, IS MENTALLY OUR EQUAL."

OBEY THAT IMPULSE

Cut this out and send it in

Dear Life:
Enclosed please find \$5.00 for one years subscription. My address is

yours truly



Grand Opera of the Future

IN the good old days of opera, we are told, the singers could gain applause by merely singing, while they posed like blocks of wood;

Not for motion or emotion did their raptured hearers care
When the notes of lucent beauty floated on the listening air.

Songsters of our generation who desire to attract
May be musical and comely, but, above all else, must act.
Realism is demanded, situations all aflame—
Operatic melodrama soon may be its proper name.

Once sopranos, faint or dying, gently sank on cushioned chairs,
Now they stagger, plunge and gyrate headlong down a flight
of stairs.

Tosca's jump is fraught with peril (substitutes no more allowed);

Siegfried's full-length backward tumble never fails to charm
the crowd;

Mélisande has a headache after *Golaud* pulls her hair;
And *Louise's* maddened father nails her with that kitchen
chair;

All of those who fight in duals suffer now from stabs and
shocks;

And *Brunhilde's* bucking bronco often lands her in a box!

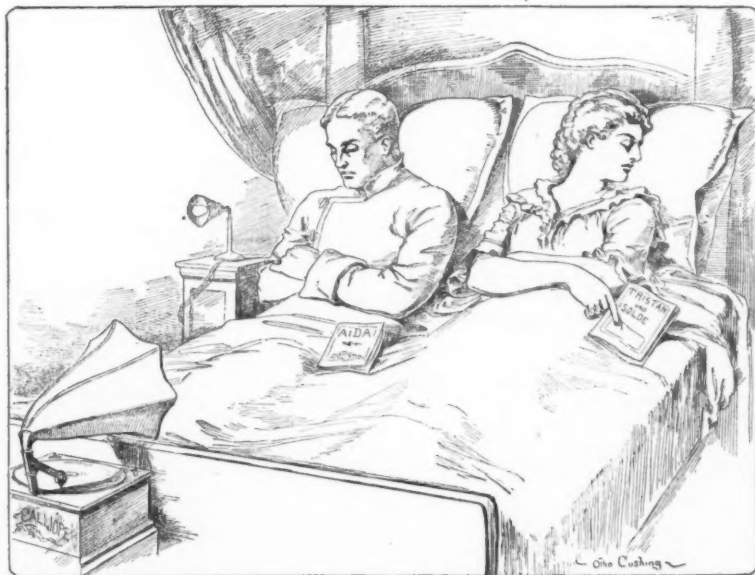
So, in time, our active artists from the footlights may be
missed

And their names enrolled forever on the casualty list.

Then the management will furnish acrobats and circus
queens,

While the prompter runs the singing on some musical ma-
chines!

—Anna Mathewson.



SUGGESTED "AD" FOR A GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY

"WHY GO TO THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE WHEN YOU CAN SLEEP SO MUCH
MORE COMFORTABLY AT HOME?"

Never Mind 'Em!

I regret very much the criticism and claim
of wanton slaughter of animals which I have
heard has come from Americans, because I
have only been killing one specimen and no
more, except in the case of lions, a pest to
humanity.—T. R.

DEAR SIR, regret nothing! Get a
good bag and come home and let
Africa rest. Those people who complain
about you doubtless spend their leisure
shooting cats out of the back window
with an air-gun. There are more ani-
mals killed in Chicago in five minutes
than you can kill in a year. Come home,
sir. The conveniences for slaughter in
this country are unequalled.

Music: All the passions articulate.

What Every Gambler Knows

THAT it is skill when he wins.
That it is luck—or bad luck—when
he loses.

That everything is a gamble, the only
difference being in the form.

That he would rather make an honest
living if it weren't such hard work.

That it is always easy for the winner
to find moral justification for gambling.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LIV. NOVEMBER 25, 1909 No. 1413

Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



WE have a great deal to be thankful for this Thanksgiving.

Mr. Taft has got home from his grand tour undiminished and unimpaired, and the Executive Offices have been reopened for business.

Mr. Roosevelt has not as yet been eaten by a lion, trampled by an elephant, tossed by a Cape buffalo nor bitten by any very bad fly. He remains an active factor in prospective history, and sleuths are out to catch the scamps who sent out false reports about him.

Business is humming. All the idle cars that stood around in yards and on switches for nearly two years after 1907 are now proceeding on their rollers, carrying all manner of products and getting smashed up now and then, as is the habit.

Tammany was waterloosed in the recent election to the encouragement of all the rest of the country.

Peary's capture of the North Pole has been indorsed by the geographical authorities, so we can keep the Pole in our national museum, no matter what the findings eventually are anent Dr. Cook.

The New Theatre has been opened in New York and a gallus new opera house in Boston. These are both considerable mercies, especially the latter one, from which much benefit is looked for in distracting fragments of the Boston mind from the concerns of the pure intellect and bestowing them on raiment and personal embellishment.

Aeroplanes have made great progress this year. We are thankful for that chiefly because they bring new

strains of vivacity into life and give new wings to the imagination.



LET us be thankful that dissatisfaction with the Payne tariff law continues to be so hearty and widespread and that the President's recent effort to excuse it was so coldly received. In all his travels he made no second effort of that sort. We should be duly grateful for every sign that government and taxation by the Favored Interests for the exclusive benefit of their own pockets is nearing inevitable collapse. A part of the same process is the onslaught of our neighbor the *Sun* upon the disfigured Sugar Trust. Whatever the motive of this belated sortie, in so far as it illustrates the intimate connection of the Republican party with plunderers of the people and exhibits the means by which inordinate riches have been heaped together, it helps the reaction toward virtue and the simple life and encourages in politics the effort to build up a decent opposition party.

With that thought in mind let us be thankful that Mr. Bryan has been spared to us another year, and is in good health and promises to continue to be the most serious obstacle between the Democratic party and public confidence. An old obstacle that is understood is better than a new one whose difficulties have not yet been measured. It is only by overcoming obstacles that a political party comes, or ought to come, to power, and until the Democratic party can overcome Mr. Bryan it ought, of course, to go on all fours and eat thistles.



FOR our part we have a mind, too, to be thankful that *Collier's Weekly* has given space to young Mr. Glavis to tell all he knows about the stalking of the Alaska coal lands by various persons said to represent the Guggenheims, and about the supposed hospitality of Secretary Ballinger to the intentions of these predacious folk.

Whatever are the rights or wrongs of that matter, it is useful to make and keep up a considerable noise about it and to keep as many searchlights on the coal lands (and the water sites, too) as can be made convenient. The Guggenheims are people, no doubt, who live to do good, but things have been added to them (as will happen, the Bible says, to the very best people) until they cannot but have picked up the habit of acquisition. Once that habit is fixed on a family it does not do to leave things around loose that the family appreciates and is used to collect. The good Guggenheims being smelters, anything that the bowels of earth produce comes handy to them, and especially real, good coal. And if the Guggenheims do not happen to yearn for that Alaska coal there are scores of other collectors who do, and as the coal is partly ours, and very, very valuable, we are grateful to Mr. Glavis for sitting on the beds and yelling, and grateful to *Collier's* for giving him a place of good acoustic properties to yell in. Whether he yells false or true, the noise is useful to protect that coal from victims of the acquisition habit, and, of course, it can't hurt Secretary Ballinger, for Mr. Taft says he is above suspicion.



THERE are many other things we are thankful for—that so many like-ly boys and youths got through the football season alive without injury to the precious rules that govern that sport; that Mr. Kennedy left behind him so much money for such a respectable line of good works; that Mr. Aldrich has gone to the people to learn what sort of a monetary system they prefer and whether they can stand a bank of issue; that the Culebra cut is half dug out; that fire and brimstone have not descended yet on Philadelphia and scorched it for its rotten government. And—oh! the Christian Science schism! Let us be thankful about that, too, that the infallibility of Mother Eddy promises to be sustained in all the war of antagonistic magnetisms and the wrack of trustees. What is the matter with those people? How long will it take them to get their belfries clear of bats?

Acrostic

Minstrels mingling melodiously.
Unisonal utterances uprising.
Sopranos soaring sublimely.
Impresarios initiating ideas.
Contraltos caroling cadenzas.



"DRAT YOU, WILLIE FIREFLY! I TOLD YOU TO KEEP OUT OF MY HOUSE. I'M NOT SO FOND OF ROAST CHESTNUTS."

What Every Socialist Knows

THAT a capitalist can't help it.
That multi-millionaires are impossible without paupers.

That the modern applied canons of political economy are political wastefulness.

That a trust is better for those on the inside than for those outside.

That he comes about as near getting what he votes for as the majority of the people.

That the worst things that are said about him are true to a greater extent of Republicans and Democrats.

That our methods make paupers faster than charity can relieve them.

IF we all lived within our means it would be a sad blow to business.



Ananias: EVIDENTLY IT ISN'T SO FATAL AS 'T WAS IN my DAY.



WILL THERE BE UP-TO-DATE MUSIC?

Appropriate Music

FOR A RESTAURANT.—"When the Swallows Homeward Fly."
FOR AN ARCTIC EXPLORER.—"Farewell, Summer."
FOR A DEFAULTING BANK OFFICIAL.—"It May Be Four Years."
FOR THE W. C. T. U.—"Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes."
FOR AN IRISH PRIZEFIGHTER.—"Strike the Harp Gently."
FOR THE REAL ESTATE PROMOTER.—"There's No Place Like Home."
FOR THE BALLET GIRL.—"Arise, My Sole."
FOR THE WRIGHT BROTHERS.—"Flee As a Bird."
FOR IKENSTEIN.—"The Jew-el Song."

FOR THE MILLINER.—"Trust Her Not."
FOR THE CRITICS.—"The Anvil Chorus."
FOR THE STOCK EXCHANGE.—"You Never Miss the Water."
FOR THE BOSTON GIRL.—"Where Have You Bean, My Pretty Maid?"
FOR LUTHER BURBANK.—"The Praties, They Were Small Over There."
FOR MOST OF US.—"If I Had But Ten Thousand a Year."
FOR ANTHONY COMSTOCK.—"How Can I Bare to Leave Thee?"
FOR THE PERPETUAL CANDIDATE.—"Silver Threads Among the Gold."
FOR THE BAKER.—"Roll, Jordan, Roll."

The Vocal Class at Jonesville



A MAIDEN once with silvery
voice
Sang artlessly and clear
As happy birds who make so sweet
The bloom-time of the year.

She sang for mother, father,
friends,

She caroled here and there,

As if there were no trials,
As if there were no care.

And then the maid "took vocal,"
From some one just from France,
That she might sing more charmingly
And all the world entrance.

They told her not to use her voice
Till she had trained her lips,
Could hold her breath, and stretch herself
And balance from her hips.

The wand'ring strains of joy were stilled;
The birds that would remain
To catch their ecstasy from her
Were silent in the lane.

But faithfully she "did" the scales
And shrieked to upper G,
But if they asked her for a song
She was mad as she could be.

Then the other girls "took vocal"—
They learned it "just that way";
And none of them would deign to sing
Without a hint of pay.

When Mrs. Slater's baby died—
'Twas pitiful and wrong,



Rescuer: YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, OLD MAN; JUST KEEP COOL!

They had to have the funeral
Without a word of song.

Because each girl was going to make
A prima donna rare,
They couldn't have a concert,
Or sociable, or fair.

Then business it got so dull
The young men went away
And the girls that studied "vocal"
Are plain old maids to-day.

L. H. Bailey.

A Standstill

THE supervision of the Government
over the plain people is gradually
extending. It began apparently with the
Agricultural Department, which now ex-

erts a sort of motherly interest over
every American citizen who has a gar-
den. Recently there has been organized
a Forestry Commission, and before Presi-
dent Roosevelt went out of office he au-
thorized a meeting of delegates from all
over the country to look after the in-
terests of the helpless children in each
community. These are only a few of
the national movements—all good.

In view of this prevailing fashion why
not organize a bureau for the suppression
of people whose reputation is greater
than their ability?

For example, Mr. Aldrich rose in the
Senate recently and rebuked Senator
Beveridge, who he thought talked over-
much. As for himself, he had been
studying the tariff for thirty years and
felt that he knew something about it.

Mr. Aldrich is mistaken. But he has
become prominent of late because of his
part in the so-called tariff revision. He
is pointed out as a man of affairs, as a
statesman, as one of the nation's leading
men. But he is not this any more than
any other statesman—any more, for ex-
ample, than Mr. Taft or Mr. Cannon.

For it is a great mistake to suppose
that the people who are engaged in run-
ning the Government are necessarily
the ablest men because their positions
make them prominent. Voltaire nailed
this misconception long ago. As a gen-
eral rule our Presidents, our Senators,
our Cabinet officers and our Congressmen
are men of mediocre ability. A large
part of them would not succeed very
well at anything else.

A business, if it is not run according
to economic laws, soon winds up and is
put in the hands of a receiver. This
never happens to a government. It wor-
ries along, the people who are running
it sometimes being punished for their
faults and sometimes not.



SWEET BELLES OUT OF TUNE

At the Opera



SCENE.—Mrs. Nestor's box at the Metropolitan. With her is Mrs. Everson Harbury, Bertie Cunniffe, Harry Grimes and Dickey Boreel—a friend of Mrs. Harbury's. The curtain descends for the last entr'acte.

HARRY.—Who was the fat lady? It can't be Gadski?

MRS. N.—Oh! Somebody please look on the programme and find out. She really was funny, and why do sopranos always have larger hips than contraltos?

BERTY (back of the box): No! No! Don't you see? The nine was in dummy. I held a ten ace over the dealer and was bound that I wouldn't touch the suit, as, by sitting tight, I was—

MRS. H.—Who is the monster with Mrs.

Gorden Speed?

DICKY.—Whoever it is she is popping out of her dress. Somebody really ought mercifully to give her a wrapper or a bathrobe. (Aside) You are the only really beautiful woman in the house; everybody says so.

MRS. H. (aside): Hush! Don't be silly.

MRS. N.—What terrible faces one sees in the boxes. Always the same idiotic women; and to-night, somehow, the men look particularly tiresome and repulsive.

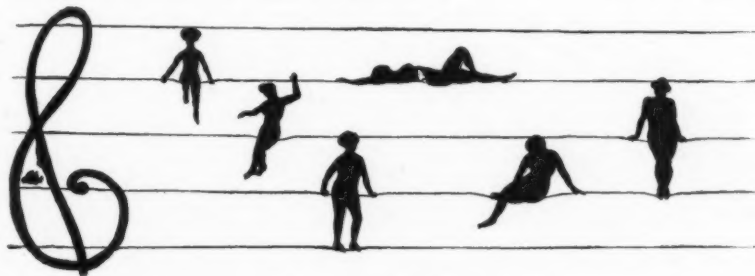
BERTY (back of the box): No, really! They aren't all imitation. The longer string is all a fake, of course, but every other pearl, on the shorter string, is real. Poor old girl! She says that if her husband ever decides to die she will buy enough real pearls to—

MRS. H.—Well! Lately, I've been buying all my evening dresses in Paris. There's a little woman on the Rue Royale—Dickey told me about her first—who gives my things a sort of downward curve, and she's twice as cheap as Doucet—

MRS. N.—Oh! For Heaven's sake, don't turn around. There's that awful little dago in the next box—Castelfidoro, or whatever his name is. He's waiting for a chance to pounce in here and ask himself to my dance. I forbid anybody to move.

HARRY.—New York is overrun with dagos, anyway. Every woman I know has a pet Italian tucked away in her drawing-room. They are worse than Pomms or the black death. The city is literally teeming with them.

DICKY.—Oh! I bought it at the top, as usual—just before it started down the chute. I wanted to buy Union but my broker knew so darned much that I— No, thanks, I never use opera glasses at the Metropolitan; it brings the faces so near and makes them too terribly lifelike—



NEW DITTIES FROM LIFE

BERTY (back of the box): I only know that I saw them yesterday at Hempstead, on the plains, in her husband's car. If you call that harmless and innocent—why, very well and good. I suppose that they had gone down to pick wild-flowers or milk the cows—what?

MRS. H.—Will somebody please tell me who wrote this tiresome "Figaro"? Was it Donizetti or Bellini? Ask Dicky. He's sure to know. He's frightfully musical.

DICKY.—"Figaro"? Why, I thought "Figaro" was a newspaper!

MRS. N.—I assure you, it's the solemn truth. The whole thing lifts off at night—wig, curls, tiara, comb, paper gardenia and everything else. She calls it her opera "head," and locks it up at night with her emeralds.

DICKY.—You'll lose much more at Marienbad than you will at Aix. They take it off a pound a day at Marienbad, easily.

BERTY (back of the box): Horrors! The curtain is going up. I'm off. Good-night (exit).

MRS. H.—Harry, like a good boy, would you go and see if you can find my husband? He is usually in the directors' room, asleep. Wake him up and tell him that he is going on to Mrs. Carstairs' musicale with me. He'll kick and lay back his ears, but you send him in here and I'll manage the rest.

HARRY.—I know his slumber place. There are four of them who sleep there regularly (exit).

MRS. H.—I think, Amy, if you don't mind, I'll go home. I had the osteopath for half of the afternoon and my husband for the other half and I'm half dead with fatigue. (She rises).

DICKY (aside): You are divine to-night, really. (Aloud): Will you give me a lift as far as the club?

MRS. H.—Certainly not. I like your cheek. (Aside): I'll meet you at the Fortieth Street entrance. They are all going Thirty-ninth Street (exit).

(Enter Mr. N. rebellious and champing at the bit.)

DICKY.—Good-night, Mrs. Nestor. Thanks so much (exit).

MRS. N.—Where have you been all this time, I should like to know?

MR. N.—Asleep!

MRS. N. (sadly).—I envy you (exeunt).

Blind Justice

WE meet our philosophical friend and observe that he is smiling contentedly.

"What has gone wrong, now?" we ask.

"Nothing has gone wrong," he explains. "Something went right. Spriggins owed Hennett ten thousand dollars, and put his property in his wife's name so that Hennett couldn't collect."

"But that isn't anything unusual."

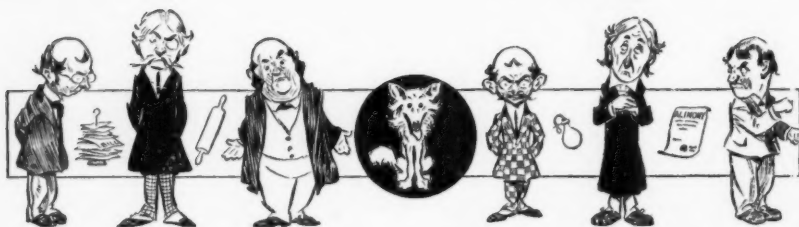
"And last night Mrs. Spriggins eloped with Hennett!"

Ask Tim

TO canonize Columbus, eh!

What does Tim Sullivan say? Tim is the great patron of Columbus. It was he that invented Columbus Day and made it a public holiday.

Is there any institution that sees a possible profit in making it a Saint's Day, too?



Husbands' Correspondence Bureau

(No connection with any other establishment. All persons are hereby warned against agents representing themselves as coming from this bureau without proper credentials.)

SATURDAY last as we were sitting in our private office going over the proof sheets of the latest edition of our "Galaxy of Beauties" (send for table of contents) we were informed that a delegation of ladies representing the woman suffragist movement was outside and wished to see us on important business. We have never been known to waver when danger confronts us. Indeed, we have often been accused of rashness where our own personal safety was involved. In this in-

stance we did not hesitate a moment, but, adjusting our cravat and arranging what hair we have left after a long life of matrimonial lights and shades, we ordered that the delegation be shown in.

We may say that it came to our ears afterwards—through one of the handsome blondes in our office—that our manner on this occasion was thought by some of the ladies of the delegation to be timid and nervous. In fact, we heard that one of them said that she didn't understand how such an insignificant creature and one who blushed and stammered so could possibly be at the head



Mrs. Henpeck: WHO WERE THE THREE WISE MEN, JOB?
"BACHELORS!"

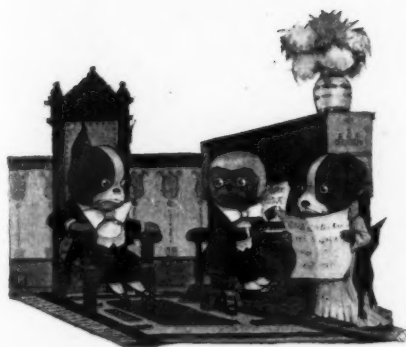


THE DANGER IN SOUTH POLAR EXPLORATION IS TUMBLING OFF.

of a world movement which probably, in a few years more, will revolutionize society.

That's where this lady, and all others with her limited experience of life, is fooled. Physically speaking, we are probably not so large or masterful as we might be, and, while we shrink from mentioning our personal affairs, our own private matrimonial life has not tended to improve our nerves and it is quite possible that our outward manner conveys the impression of a certain timidity. But any one who knows anything at all knows that the body is nothing—it's the mind that counts. Napoleon was a small man. We could mention others, but our limited space prevents us from giving a list of the world's greatest heroes. As we recall the matter now, we *did* feel a little nervous on this particular occasion; not for ourselves—we have no personal fear—but because the responsibility of our position; the immense interests involved naturally makes us thoughtful of the consequences to our clients should anything happen to us just at this time. Later on, when our own original methods of adjusting matrimonial difficulties have been instilled into a corps of able assistants and our work is assured of being handed down, it will not, of course, make so much difference. But just now we cannot afford to take any chances.

We must say, however, for this delegation that we were most agreeably surprised. Many of them were tall, handsome, stately, veritable queens among women, and it gave us a pleasant little shock to think that all these years we had been picturing the most advanced suffragists as being homely, and then to see them near enough and discover that they are altogether charming. We will



Miss Mutt: HAVE YOU ANY CHOICE OF VOCAL SELECTIONS?

Mr. Boston: WHY NOT TRY THE "HOWLY CITY"?

even go further than this and state that if the proper arrangements could be made we wouldn't mind changing off our present partner for almost any one of these delegates. We realize of course that the lady's views might not coincide with ours, but then things couldn't be much worse with us than they are at present, and it is something to have a good-looking woman around the house occasionally, even if she is off most of the time making stump speeches. We might also state for the benefit of the hypercritical that it was hardly fair to

judge us in our old clothes, during office hours, when we were taken completely by surprise. In our frock coat and silk hat, walking abroad, with a red rose in our buttonhole, we present by no means the insignificant appearance that a hasty and immature mind might imagine.



THE object of the visit of this delegation was, of course, perfectly evident to us from the start. The leader—we have seldom seen a more striking-looking woman; our heart went out to her at once—stated in a few well-chosen words that she thought we ought to declare ourselves at once with regard to the woman suffragist movement—that we ought to come out with a definite platform, so that every one would know where we stand.

We promised her that we would do so, and, as soon as we could get round to it, issue a statement that would put all minds at rest. We have realized for some time, of course, that we should have to do this. As a rule we avoid all issues, but in this case, while we have shrunk from taking a definite stand, we see no other way out of it.

We are now preparing a statement of our position on the suffragist question to



A NEW USE FOR THE MAXIM SILENCER

be issued to our customers at a nominal price and to be given to the world at large.



IN the meantime, while this undoubtedly comes at the busiest period of the year, we wish to say that it will cause no delay in our programme for the coming winter. We shall give our entertainment committee the benefit of our experience and advice, and we believe we are safe in saying that the plans we are outlining will exceed anything ever offered to tired husbands. Among other things we may mention that we have established a local branch in the heart of the Tenderloin district, we have secured special race-track privileges, and the Chorus Girls' Union has given our certified members the freedom of every stage entrance in the city. We have also added a new picture gallery to our headquarters and several new poker rooms. We also have a new wireless instrument attached to our building, and a husbands' code, for the use of our regular customers.

We must repeat, however, that all these improvements in our methods of entertainment are only for the benefit of those of our customers who really need relaxation, are actually a splendid method for bringing husbands and wives together. We are broad and liberal in our views, and it is our experience that when a man sees a little of this world it only makes him long for home all the more. Solomon was this way. He couldn't have written so feelingly as he did about home ties unless he had been through the Tenderloin. So that we feel more than we can express in words that our entertainment committee has a deeply moral work before it in providing relaxation. In the meantime don't delay. No matter how far gone you may think you are we can help you. A large book of testimonials sent free. Confidential. Our terms are within the reach of the most humble.

HUSBANDS' CORRESPONDENCE BUREAU



The Captured Burglar: SAY, BOSS, WOULD YE MIND TELEPHONIN' MY WIFE NOT TO KEEP BREAKFAST FER ME?

Freedom That Comes With Marriage

MARRIAGE does not get its dues in this country as a door to freedom. In France, we understand, it is recognized that women, at least, gain great enlargement of privilege by getting married. In this country we hear a great deal more about the freedom that is sacrificed to marriage than of that that is gained by it. The idea prevails overmuch among us that the door to freedom is divorce.

But marriage, suitably contrived, is a much freer state than the great majority of the unmarried enjoy. Who marries a wife gives hostages to fortune, but at least he knows just where he is. He has made terms with fortune and can go about his business.

So it should be with a woman, and usually is. Assuming one set of fairly definite obligations, she, too, is quit of an army of distracting possibilities. There is nothing like a satisfactory set of routine duties to save time and strength and preserve one from the solicitations of things to be done that it is nobody's business to do. Competent spinsters and bachelors—but especially spinsters—are the victims of those things, some of which are worth doing but a good many not.

A heart fortunately bestowed is like an anchor down. It saves lots of trouble from drifting and dodging rocks.



"One morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood disconsolate."



THE CREATION

A Possibility

MR. W. T. STEAD has established in London what may be termed a Spook Intelligence Bureau, a place where, by depositing five dollars, you can get into communication with any desired spirit who has "passed over." A large variety of reliable mediums are constantly on hand, and in case one doesn't work you are at liberty to try another. Mr. Stead says that about seventy-five per cent. of all applicants are successful in their quest.

There are alarming possibilities suggested by this new venture. Why should not the thing in time work both ways? It is presumable that the spirits whom we

once knew in the flesh may have the same desire to communicate with us that we have with them. This being so, what is to prevent them from annoying us at any hour of the day and night? It is one thing, when we happen to be in the mood and have the necessary time, to drop in at Mr. Stead's bureau and have a chat with some old friend. But how is it going to be when we are sitting in our office, immersed in a thousand details, to have him suddenly at our elbow?

We see no reason why this should not happen—except, possibly, the inability of those on the other side to pay Mr. Stead in real money. Maybe, after all, this is going to be an effectual barrier.

ARISTOCRACY, under the microscope, is a vacuum entirely surrounded by nothingness.

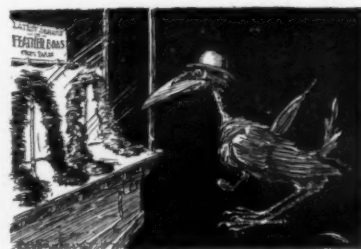
Sit Down, Bishop! Sit Down!

METHODIST Bishop Candler, of Atlanta, insists that Uncle John Rockefeller has insulted the South by giving a million dollars toward the extirpation of the hookworm.

There seems to be no hookworms in Bishop Candler. The South, he snorts, is perfectly well able to take care of that disease itself.

Dear Bishop: Please go fifteen or twenty benches to the rear and sit down. It is everybody's privilege to give money to help the rich. If you go on talking as you have talked, Uncle John will be justified in giving another million toward the relief of the South from injury done it by self-appointed spokesmen.

THE reason why so many shows fail nowadays is that paying two dollars and a half per seat for a poor show has ceased to be a joke.



Mr. Moulton: THE VERY THING!



Clarence Jebb arrives unexpectedly from boarding school with his new dog.

"OH, THEY'RE NOT GOING TO FIGHT. HE WOULDN'T UNPACK HIS TEETH FOR A LITTLE HALF PORTION LIKE ANDREW."

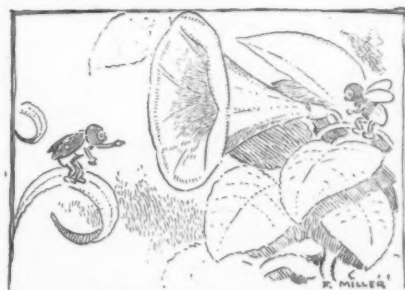
Not All Our Fault

WHEN the stranger comes to this town and sees the "Musical Comedy" of The Girl from Pinkydora—or whatever the name may be—he wonders at the size and enthusiasm of the audience. But as he looks at some of the faces he decides that, being New Yorkers, we are getting just about what suits us—that we like it thin and "easy."

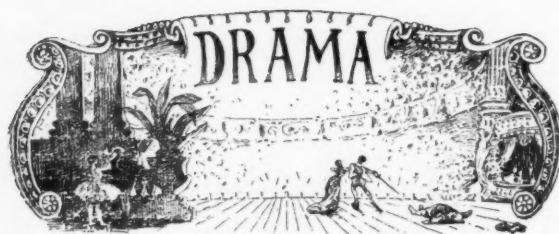
If a fellow prefers stale beer to good wine let him have it. But if this visitor while here should attend a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra he would see overflowing audiences equally appreciative and of a very different quality.

Our diet of stale beer is compulsory, not from preference. We can distinguish the abysmal gulf between the Boston Symphony and The Girl from Pinkydora.

Our Spartan endurance of the worst does not prevent our enjoyment of the best.



"I SAY, THERE, CAN'T YOU PLAY A FELLOW A FEW OF YOUR LATE RECORDS?"



The New Theatre's Second Effort. A Dyspepsia Cure



ERE The New Theatre a government institution, like the Comédie Française, Congress would be overwhelmed with proposed legislation in its behalf. Every seat-holder who missed a line of a play, every would-be dramatist with a rejected manuscript, every actor whom it didn't engage, every social aspirant not invited to become a subscriber, every ignorant manager, every member of the captious, cynical, *nil admirari* crowd to be found in every community, every one of these and others not mentioned, would be ready with corrective legislation and a letter to his Congressman to have something done. All of which is possibly an argument against government ownership.

A visitor from Mars who should listen to some of the hostile and bitter comment on The New Theatre might naturally imagine that those who have contributed and labored to establish the institution were guilty of a shocking crime against the community. The expenditure has been in the neighborhood of three million dollars. The men who have put up the money have done so with the understanding that they are never to receive any dividends in case the theatre should ever prove profitable. Those in charge of the theatre have certainly worked hard to make its opening attractions fall in with the ideals of what the theatre ought to be. If they have made mistakes of judgment it is not remarkable considering what had to be done, and if they, or any of them, are incompetent, they are not permanent fixtures and may be weeded out as time shows the necessity.



IT would seem as though in the plays submitted to The New Theatre or at its disposal there must have been some stronger or with a better claim to production than Mr. Knoblauch's "The Cottage in the Air." Its theme is an old one, that of the prince in disguise, familiar since fairy-tale days, and finds in the present case no marked ingenuity of treatment. In "Such a Little Queen" Mr. Pollock has given it a less idyllic setting but he has given it more forceful and dramatic handling. On any stage the play would have seemed thin and weak; here it was made to seem yet more inadequate by the impressiveness of surroundings which have not yet become familiar enough to be ignored or only felt. In the groping for material the choice of "The Cottage in the Air" was not a lucky grope at just this stage of the theatre's existence.

In the acting of "The Cottage in the Air" the company was hampered by a lack of good material. In actor's parlance there was nothing that the members could "get their teeth into." Miss Olive Wyndham has an agreeable but not force-

ful personality and apparently was able to bring out of *Princess Priscilla*, the masquerading heroine, all that the author had intended her to be. The *Prince Henry* gave Mr. Stanford a chance merely to hint at possibilities as a leading juvenile actor—no more. Mr. Gottschalk as *Sir Augustus Shuttleworth*, his lady mother's pampered son, and Miss Jessie Busley, as the Princess's German maid, had conventional roles which neither had any trouble to make patent. The same holds true of the old German tutor, scholar and bookworm, entrusted to Mr. Bruning, and the country clergyman's wife of Miss Sitgreaves. Nothing in the play gives any clue to the antecedents of *Lady Shuttleworth*, so there is no way of determining whether Miss Coghlan was justified in making her rather coarse-mannered type of the English woman of title. Right or wrong in her portrayal of the part, Miss Coghlan was at least expert in delivering her lines so that every word reached the audience. The other members of the company handled the insufficient material in entirely unobjectionable fashion.

The very weakness of the play, which was well staged and whose scenic settings were charming, is a factor of encouragement in the matter of the possibilities of the house. It called for no heroics or strong acting and yet the audience apparently got without difficulty all that the play and the company had to deliver. This fact was a good argument against the two faults most likely to affect the usefulness of the theatre—its bigness and its acoustics. The test was not conclusive by any means but it was encouraging.

The New Theatre is in existence. In its first fortnight it has not justified its existence, and no one who knows anything of the problem involved ever thought it would.



There is a lot of talk about New York's lack of civic pride. The kind of criticism levelled at The New Theatre is of course calculated to inspire further effort in the way of money-giving and enterprise on the part of those who have

Life's Illustrated Songs



"TRAMP—TRAMP—TRAMP—THE BOYS ARE MARCHING"



"THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME"



THE "HERODIADE" OF MM. MASSENET AND HAMMERSTEIN

JOHN IS PROPERLY BARBERED AND MANICURED



A NEW SALOME FROM THE MAGIC HAT

made it possible. Fortunately the idea back of The New Theatre is big enough to enable it to survive in spite of pin-pricks. It has a distinct and useful mission. Ill-nature and envy cannot prevent its accomplishment. It cannot be denied though that in New York the Lend-a-Hand Society seems to be largely outnumbered by the Give-a-Kick Bunch.

successfully such a quickly moving piece and never permit the people to let the action even lag is a difficult thing in stage management.

"Seven Days" will aid the digestion of a good dinner and will cheer the victim up after a bad one. Reducers

should keep away from the Astor if there is any truth in "laugh and grow fat."

A correspondent informs LIFE that he saw ticket-seculators using the public sidewalk in front of The New Theatre as a place for conducting their private business and thereby obstructing a public thoroughfare. Also that this was done in the plain view of policemen who made no attempt to abate the nuisance. If this is true, and LIFE's informant seems to be a reliable person, Mr. Shubert has an excellent opportunity to demonstrate the converse of a statement hitherto made that

A speculator on the sidewalk means a crooked manager inside. Metcalfe.

UN and nothing but fun is to be found in "Seven Days" at the Astor. It is farce absolutely, but it farce of clever lines and unusual ingenuity of situation. When the old tricks are used they are furbished up and given new turns and twists that make them as good as new. Better than all it is clean farce and gives the lie to a belief prevalent in some managerial quarters that to please the big American public fun must be risky. "Seven Days" isn't refined humor and it's very far from being intellectual, but it certainly is laugh-provoking almost to excess.

In the cast are no names blazoned high on the roll of dramatic fame but the company has been chosen with excellent judgment. Florence Reed, as a lady who by a remarkable series of circumstances is sincerely convinced that she is another Eusapia admirably conveys her belief to the audience. Hope Latham is almost as funny in the predicament of finding herself rigidly quarantined and imprisoned in the house with her newly divorced husband and his prospective bride. Georgia O'Ramey and Lucille La Verne also show themselves competent laugh-makers, and Mr. Herbert Corthell's rotund personality is made to add to the general joy. The authors—Mary Roberts Rinehart and Mr. Avery Hopwood—have achieved a rare accomplishment. To construct three acts of purely dramatic farce and have the fun absolutely continuous is no mean task. And Mr. Collin Kemper is largely responsible for the result, for to stage

Academy of Music—"Paid in Full." Mr. Eugene Walter's interesting and well acted drama of New York life.

Astor—"Seven Days." See above.

Belasco—"Is Matrimony a Failure?" Our commuters and their social existence made amusing.

Broadway—"The Midnight Sons." Laughable musical farce.

Casino—"The Girl and the Wizard." Comic opera of the Casino brand, with Mr. Sam Bernard as the comedian. Up to the standard.

Comedy—Mr. Israel Zangwill's "The Melting Pot." One Jewish view of America and Americanism.

Criterion—"Israel." Bernstein drama fixed over for the American market. One strong scene.

Daly's—"The Belle of Brittany," with Mr. Frank Daniels. Melodious comic opera.

Empire—"Inconstant George." Diverting farcical comedy from the French, with Mr. John Drew in the title part.

Garrick—"The Harvest Moon." Another of Mr. Augustus Thomas's psychical theory plays. Interesting.

Hackett—Mr. George Arliss in "Septimus." Notice later.

Herald Square—Mr. Lew Fields in "Old Dutch." Notice later.



CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE



Hippodrome—Bigness and brilliancy in spectacle and ballet.

Hudson—Mr. Kyrle Bellew in "The Builder of Bridges." Agreeable acting of a pleasant little play.

Lyceum—"Arsène Lupin." French detective drama. Interesting story lightly handled.

Lyric—"The Chocolate Soldier." Comic opera with charming music and libretto based on "Arms and the Man."

Majestic—"Mr. Lode of Koal." Mr. Bert Williams and colored company in laughable musical piece.

Manhattan Opera House—Repertory of grand and comic opera.

Maxine Elliott's—"The Passing of the Third Floor Back." The admirable acting of Mr. Forbes-Robertson and his English company in Mr. Jerome's interesting mystical play.

New Theatre—Repertory including "Antony and Cleopatra," "The Cottage in the Air" and "Strife."

Savoy—"The Awakening of Helena Richie." Miss Margaret Anglin in good acting version of popular novel.

Stuyvesant—Concluding weeks of "The Easiest Way." Drama of the Tenderloin.

Wallack's—"The Fourth Estate." Very interesting newspaper drama well presented.

Weber's—"The Climax." Music and romance pleasantly mingled.



ACCORDING TO WEATHER



Thanksgiving in Ye Jie



Popular Birthdays

DAVID WARFIELD

Born Nov. 28, 1866

"... and one man in his time plays many parts."

To awake one morning and find yourself famous is a distinction too unique ever to become commonplace. Nevertheless, it does happen occasionally. As a character artist Mr. Warfield has an individuality that serves admirably for his purpose. His art must ever be that of a mimic, but there is added to this a rare quality of imagination.

Mr. Warfield, we are pleased to have you with us. We prefer your "Music Master" to your "Grand Army Man," but what of that? Let us hope that soon you will have a new creation that shall advance you still further among the immortals.

In the meantime we felicitate you upon your youth. "Much can be done," says Ernst Haeckel, "in forty years." We have faith in your powers.

Congratulations on your birthday!

SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS

Born Nov. 30, 1835

Facetiarum apud prapotentis in longum memoria est.—
Tacitus.

Nothing is more important than original sin. It makes glad the waste places, leads us into delightful temptations and gives to life its color and originality. It has been the one thing that has successfully evaded the theologians, and for this alone it deserves honor.

The gentleman whom we are congratulating is without doubt our original sinner. He has violated every tradition and all co's. According to nature he should have smoked himse, to death long ago. According to Christian Science he is a product of mortal mind (some of us are pleased to think that it is immortal mind) and therefore to be treated. He wears improper clothes, does his work in bed, believes in osteopathy and dares to live long enough to show himself as a horrible example of its benefits.

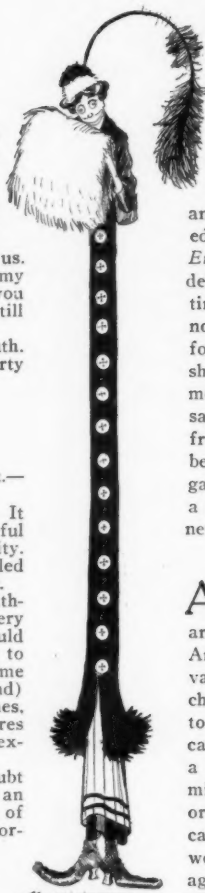
He has probably committed every sin and no doubt delights in crowing about it. He has even written an autobiography. He has linked his name with that of Shakespeare, in order that Shakespeare will not be forgotten by coming generations.

Sir, your health!

May you long be with us!



THERE are two facts, each of them at first glance somewhat surprising, that one notices in watching art and human nature run in double harness. The interpretative writer whose mastered medium is the short story is of all others the most likely to throw restriction to the winds and to run amuck artistically in the novel. And the analyst who is most lucidly successful in putting others in a nutshell for us is often unable, when he becomes self-explanatory, to crowd himself into a firkin. And Jack London seems to have stubbed his toe against both facts in *Martin Eden*. This is an account, bitter, impassioned and in a sense authentic, of the sudden envisagement by an untrained but powerful and receptive mind of the world of books and the possibilities of art—the story of a few years from the life of a young sailor who stumbles upon knowledge, esteems it the pearl of great price, sells all that he has and buys it—to his own undoing. The book is amply worth reading, because its kernel is an enthralling human document, the fictional record of an awakening and a struggle patently founded upon experience. But as fiction it lacks both restraint and finish, while exactly because it is measurably autobiographical its most interesting revelations are redundantly overamplified.



SO LONG MARY

ONE is conscious of a certain hesitancy in speaking of Rudyard Kipling's new volume of stories, *Actions and Reactions*. The collection is in a way heterogeneous. It includes *The Night Mail*, already published separately. It also includes several Indian reminiscences in which Ortheris and Mulvaney reappear for a moment. It contains a political allegory, *The Mother Hive*, and a brace of Colonial tales, a South African *Deal in Cotton* and the thoroughly typical and delightful Egyptian comedy, *The Little Foxes*. And it presents *An Habitation Enforced*, an Anglo-American interpretation of singular delicacy; so subtly simple in its expression of a distinction that all sensitive persons have felt but that none have put into words, and so exquisite in artistic form as to be easily the nearest to perfection that the short story has recently attained. But it seems, at the moment, to be fashionable to treat Kipling as—shall one say—a *past master*. Indeed, if one were inclined to frank speech, one might put it that the word having been passed that he was "down," it seems to be regarded as safe to kick him. And one hesitates, even by a plain statement of facts, to be so banal or so impertinent as to appear to undertake his defense.

A KNOTHOLE in a high board fence always has its attraction. There are few of us who, when we are sure that there is no one looking, can resist one. And this, in effect, is what André Castaigne's story of vaudeville artistes, *The Bill Toppers*, offers us—the chance of a peep into an unknown world. It is not, to be candid, a very edifying world. Moreover, one cannot quite shake off the vague feeling that, seen from a slightly different angle, the pitiful humanness of it might more appealingly have been placed in evidence, or the laughable absurdity of it more humorously indicated. But such as it is, it is a quite perceptibly real world and, having read the book, one is never likely again to face the vaudeville footlights without (thanks to it) seeing more than meets the eye.

ANY ONE who has to do with dogs knows that between their irresistible puppyhood, when humans of all ages love them, and their comradely maturity, when human grown-ups chum with them, there is an interval during which children avoid them, grown-ups lose patience with them and they would be quite neglected did not idealistic youth lead them about with a string around their necks. So, at times, with books. Last year we met *Anne of Green Gables*, an irresistible child-woman, and loved her. Some day—who knows?—we may meet her full grown and chum with her. But *Anne of Avonlea*, by L. M. Montgomery, is *Anne* betwixt and between—a "book for girls."

J. B. Kerfoot.

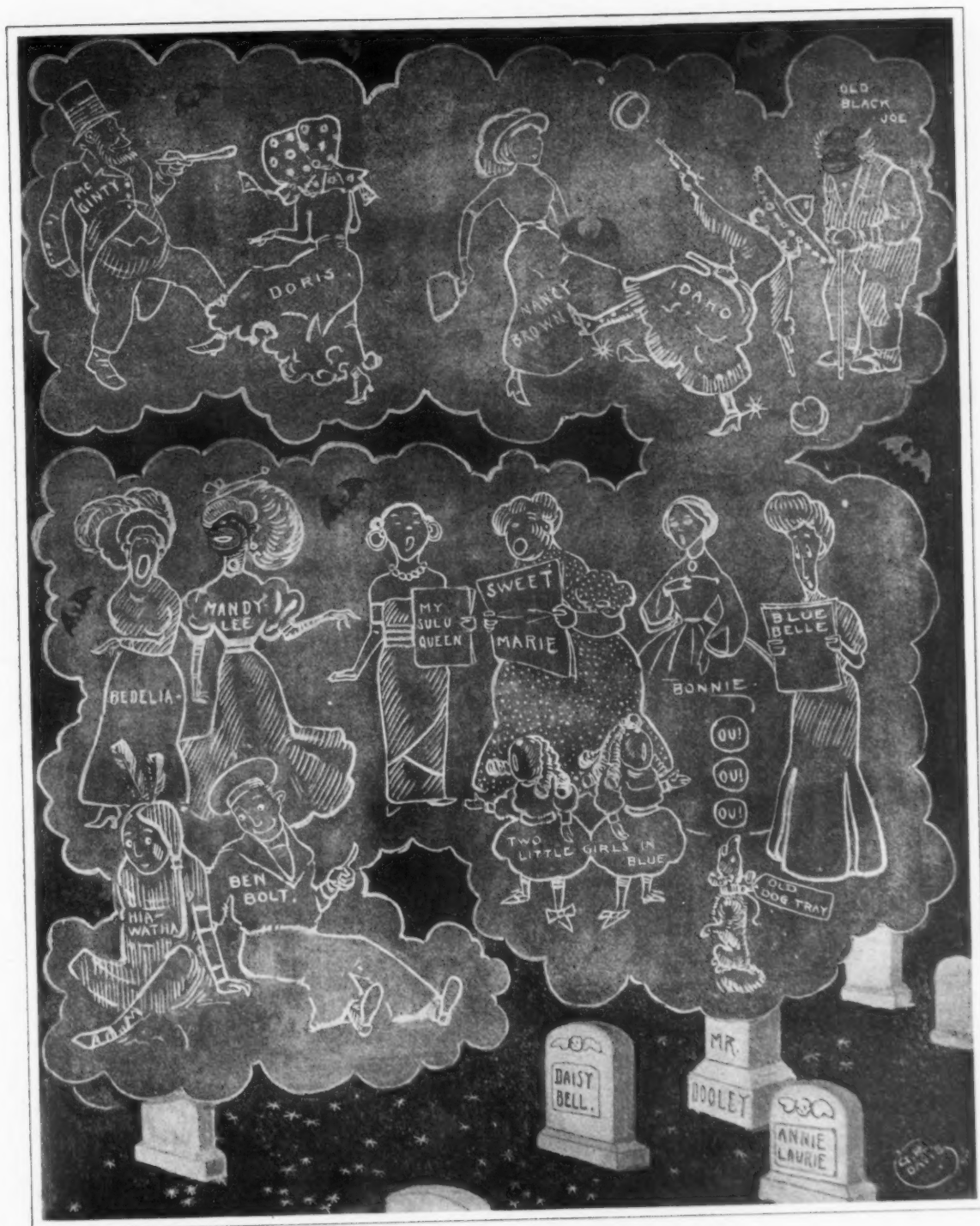
Martin Eden, by Jack London. The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.
Actions and Reactions, by Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.

The Bill Toppers, by Andre Castaigne. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$1.50.

Anne of Avonlea, by L. M. Montgomery. L. C. Page & Co. \$1.50.

FORESHADOWED: An endurance contest between Lena Cavalieri and Mary Garden to see which can do with least clothes this coming winter.

As a hardy garden Mary is the favorite so far.



IN THE GRAVEYARD OF POPULAR SONGS



Chance for Ananias II

If some bright genius only would
Invent a brand new story
For married men who stay out late,
He'd pave his way to glory.

—Lippincott's.

Same Dope

SHE: Do you believe in love in a cot-
tage?

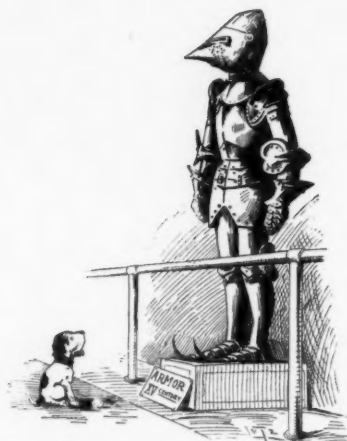
HE: Do you believe in Santa Claus?
—Wisconsin Sphinx.

Political Repartee

"The motto of our party is 'Turn the
rascals out!'"

"Well, I guess your party has turned
out more rascals than any other."—
Cleveland Leader.

AN advertisement of a nursing bottle
printed in a Canadian newspaper con-
cluded with the following: When the
baby is done drinking it must be un-
screwed and laid in a cool place under
a tap. If the baby does not thrive on
fresh milk it should be boiled.—Good
Housekeeping.



"GEE! I WOULDN'T WANT TO HAVE TO
BITE THAT MAN!"

Giving It Away

"A woman just can't keep a secret,"
he declared, opposing a statement.

"Oh, I don't know," contradicted the
fluttery lady. "I've kept my age a secret
ever since I was twenty-four."

"Yes," he replied, "but one of these
days you will give it away. In time you
will just simply have to tell it."

"Well," she replied with confidence,
"I think that when a woman has kept a
secret for twenty years she comes pretty
near knowing how to keep it."—Phila-
delphia Public Ledger.

Two young men who had been chums
at college went abroad together. One
conscientiously wanted to visit every
spot mentioned in the guide books; the
other was equally conscientious about
having a hilarious time. This naturally
led to disagreements. In the course of
one of these, the lover of pleasure said
tauntingly:

"Perhaps you are doing these places
so thoroughly because you are going to
write a book about your trip."

"I should," replied the other prompt-
ly, "if Robert Louis Stevenson hadn't
pre-empted the title I want to use."

"What's that?"

"'Travels with a Donkey.'"—Tribune.

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• LIFE •

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Out Next Week Eighty Pages 25 Cents

CONTENTS

Colored Cover, "*Between You and Me and the Lamp Post*," by C. Coles Phillips.

Mr. Phillips's covers, of which LIFE has published many examples during the past year, have attracted world-wide attention. This cover, in green and red, is one of the most striking and original of his creations.

Center Page Cartoon, "*Life Invites Some Old Friends to Dinner*," by Charles Dana Gibson.

A wide audience will welcome Mr. Gibson's reappearance in LIFE, introducing once more Mr. Pipp and Mr. Tagg, and some of the famous Gibson girls.

An International Match, by Owen Seaman, Editor of Punch.

Not only as Editor of *Punch*, but as a writer of light verse unequalled in humor and finish, Mr. Seaman is one of the most prominent of the younger school of literature in England. He treats jocularly of a theme which has long provoked discussion on both sides of the Atlantic.

Santa Claus from Various Points of View, by Orson Lowell.

Mr. Lowell's distinctive and delightful pictures have long been known to the readers of LIFE.

"Merry Christmas." Decorated Inside Title by Otto Lang.

Poetical Economy, by Harry Graham.

As a satirical and humorous poet Col. Graham is widely known. His verses have been appearing regularly in LIFE for the past year or so.

Letters to Santa Claus, Delivered by James S. Metcalfe.

"She Crows Best Who Crows Last." A Laughable Series by Wilder.

General Prosperity. A Humorous Christmas Sketch, by Arthur M. Chase

Peace and Good Will. A Sermon, by Edward S. Martin.

Mr. Martin, whose weekly editorial page never fails to stimulate and interest, needs no introduction to the readers of LIFE. His wonderfully clear sense of things in general, and his felicitous and delightful mastery of a perfectly attuned vocabulary, never fail to interest and charm. Besides, who else but Martin is so nearly right on every question?

Love's Victory. A Story by Thomas L. Masson.

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A New Business Opening

Last winter, at a smoker given by the Yale University Dramatic Association, one of our prominent dramatic writers was the guest of honor. In the course of his remarks to the assembled young men he said:

"I wonder how many of your fathers, after your college education is finished and you have taken an M.A. degree with some literary research thesis, and then perhaps gone on, and have been granted the degree of Doctor of Philosophy—I wonder how many of your fathers would then recommend and use their influence to try to get you a place as an usher in a theatre at five dollars a week, and then, after you had learned that side of the business, carefully guide you up through the assistant treasurership and treasurership—picking up on the way a thorough knowledge of the press agent's work, and even that of billposter—land you safely as manager or director of a theatre? And yet I believe that the day will come when this seeming joke, that causes a smile to come over your faces, will be a reality. Your fathers will give you your higher education, and, after graduating, allow you to enter a bank and run errands for five dollars a week—but not the theatre. Why? Is the function of the bank any cleaner than that of the theatre? Does the business of banking require higher intellectual development or broader culture than the business of presenting the varied and kaleidoscopic studies in human emotions that poets of all ages have put into the hands of the directors of playhouses?"—*The Prompt Book.*

"What's the matter, daughter?"

"Ferdy and I have parted forever."

"Um. In that case, I s'pose he won't be around for a couple of nights."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

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Philosophic Thoughts on Sheep and Goats

Sheep live higher, but more is expected of them. Goats have to do without some things, but they've less on their minds.

It's a great distinction to be a sheep, but it wouldn't be, only for the goats.

None except sheep get into society. None except goats know what a parcel of foolishness society is.

There are sheep who wonder if it's worth all it costs. Goats would be fairly contented if it wasn't for their wives all the time dying to be sheep.—*Woman's Home Companion.*

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That yon hen is a creature most trying,
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So that I cannot tell
Whether she's laying or lying!"

—The Circle.

No Hope

"Will there ever be a woman President?"

"No. The Constitution says the President must be over forty-five years old, and women don't get that old."—Kansas City Times.

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Twenty thousand voices wild that scream
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Football—that's all!

—Judge.

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While riding on an electric car, during his first visit to the city, a farmer passed the yard of a monument company, where gravestones and monuments were displayed. Turning to his host, he remarked in an awe-stricken voice: "They dew bury 'em close in the city, don't they?"—Lippincott's.



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That's all. She saw her schemes must fail;
The cloud was quite beyond dispelling;
So ends a grimly comic tale
That may be worth the clever telling.

And shall this pen deny its claims?
Not mine to urge their contravention!

I've read a book by Henry James,
That comes within my comprehension!

Arthur Guiterman.

(Continued on page 754)

The Literary Zoo

Rhymed Reviews.

"Julia Bride"

(By Henry James. Harper & Bros.)

TAKE heed, fair maids, and do not be
Too oft engaged before you're twenty;
And bring your mothers up to see
That one divorce is good and plenty.

For fear that when the Fates provide
A suitor, rich and free of tarnish,
You'll learn too late, like Julia Bride,
That furrowed Pasts are hard to vanish.

While some might wed a lass forlorn
Whose six betrothals all miscarried—
Though ardent woers might not scorn
Mammas-in-law so oft unmarried—

Young Basil French, our Julia knew,
Would find her record rather trying;
And so she begged a man or two
To engineer some graceful lying.

But one (her mother's second choice)
Had laid his plans to wed another;
His price was Julia's friendly voice
To clear his name and damn her mother.

The second (Julia's last betrothed)
Had likewise sought a new connection—

And guess if Julia liked or loathed
To help him out in that direction.



Guy de Maupassant

KING
of All
Short Story
Writers

This is the original American and English copyrighted complete edition, absolutely unexpurgated, in English of this great French writer, translated from the Original Manuscripts by linguists of literary distinction. Wonderful Critical Preface by Paul Bourget, of the French Academy.

TALES OF REALISM—RARE ORIENTAL AND PARISIAN STUDIES

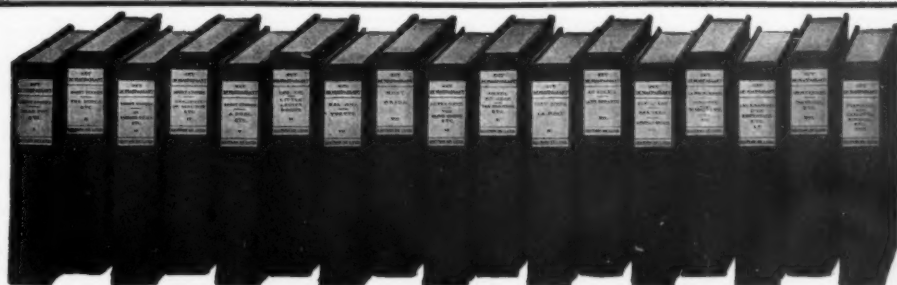
De Maupassant wrote with the conviction that in life there could be no phase so noble or so mean, so honorable or so contemptible, so lofty or so low as to be unworthy of chronicling—no groove of human virtue or fault, success or failure, wisdom or folly that did not possess its own peculiar psychological aspect and therefore demanded analysis.

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"He said, 'O Lord, we thank Thee for food and Raymond.'"—Everybody's.

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NEW YORK

The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 753)

Views and Reviews

THAT supposititious person, the average reader, owes more to the book reviewer than he can ever hope to repay with mere gratitude. The range of that indebtedness is wide indeed, and the nature of the service so multiform that one would be at a loss if asked to indicate in what precise way the reviewer serves us best. It depends, of course, in a measure, upon why one reads a review. Some persons, we may suppose, do so in quest of information, and not always in vain. Others seek the intellectual refreshment that may be found in an analytic bit of writing by a superior mind. There are reviewers who disclose them-

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selves rather than the thing reviewed; and that, too, may be interesting.

An obvious function of the reviewer is to supply us with a digest of books that we never expect to read, and of books that we might read were it not for his cheerful industry. Here, by way of illustration, is a tome with the alluring title, "Water, Its Origin and Use." There are moments when, like Walt Whitman, we "hate literature," and cast about for something vital and stimulating; and in such a frame of mind a well-considered account of a book (Price, \$5) like this amply repays us for the Lincoln cent exchanged for a copy of *The Times*.

The author, we learn, has been led to

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They're a ripping
good sort of a smoke.

CAMBRIDGE 25c. AMBASSADOR 35c.
regular size alter-dinner size

"The Little Brown Box"

study water and its manifestations as a form of profitable amusement; his recognition of what will prove uninteresting to his readers is thorough; in simple language he has set down "the results of careful note-taking and reflection." Thus advised, we read:

Water is probably second only to air in its widespread distribution and usefulness. It takes us back, therefore, a very long way into the fields of knowledge.

True enough, though the author seems a bit overcautious, as if he feared a challenge by some authority (Continued on page 755)

Established 1810

OLD OVERHOLT RYE



is a whiskey of quality, pleasing to the most epicurean taste, mildly stimulating and immensely beneficial. It is bottled in bond, and therefore unquestionably pure.

A. Overholt & Co.

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1 1/4 oz. 40 cts; 3 1/4 oz. 75c; 1 1/2 lb. \$1.65; 1 lb. \$3.30. If not at your dealers will send prepaid upon receipt of price. Sent FREE—Booklet "How to Smoke a Pipe." Write today. E. HOFFMAN COMPANY, MFRS., 179 Madison St., Chicago.

The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 754)

on earth or fire. But he (or is it the reviewer?) grows more confident:

Water is an important constituent of all living tissue. For example, a human body weighing 130 pounds contains about 113 pounds of water. . . .

Therefore even the sternest, most austere, most solid of men is in reality a sort of animated reservoir.

All flesh is not grass. Moreover, when you consider Draco, Savonarola, Muldoon or Mr. Taft, remember that under an appearance of sternness, austerity, solidity, there lurks "in reality" a sort of animated reservoir—even as you and I.

If collected at a certain altitude, rainwater is the purest in nature. River water to which sewage can gain access is not highly desirable as a beverage. Floods "can produce famine" just as surely as droughts. Forests

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Ganesh Balm Cream, \$3, \$1.50, 75c. Used for the most sensitive skin; unequalled as a face cleanser and a skin food.

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Patent Ganesh Chin Strap. made of specially prepared elastic, holds the face in position during sleep, removes a double chin, restores lost contours, takes away the line from nose to chin, \$5. Double Straps, to prevent snoring, \$6.50.

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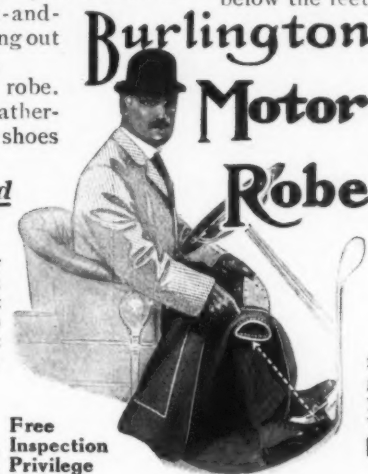
Foot Warmth and Foot Freedom

No cold, wind, rain, dust or snow can reach you. You can work the brake and clutch just as easily as if there were no robe over you at all. It can't slide up or entangle the feet. Think how *that* feature

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The Burlington Motor Robe kicks off instantly—you can "kick into it" almost as quickly. No matter whether you ride front or back, you want warmth and comfort. This robe is for the driver's protection. And it's *for the towner, too.*

Note this point—the Burlington Motor Robe can't flap at the bottom. See how cold and wet are kept out around the heels.



Free Inspection Privilege

It is the only make of robe which has a **Special Windshield Lap**

below the feet. Inspect it—our risk. Prove its splendid value.

Send Only \$6

We will send the Burlington Motor Robe—"Sho-Fur" Robe—prepaid. It is splendidly made, of Heavy Burlington Kersey (Black or Green) and covered with a heavy, waterproof, rubber-faced Drill. Slightly, comfortable, durable. If not at dealer's, order direct.

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Placing Him

Judge Mary H. Cooper, of Beloit, Kan., is the only woman probate judge in the United States. She performs more marriages than any Kansas minister. This is because she always omits the word "obey" from the ceremony—an omission that pleases the Kansas girls. She thinks that the day of the helpless woman is past. She said in a recent interview: "In the strong and independent woman's hands our sex's future rests. There is more than a little truth in an episode that a Chinese missionary once related to me. This missionary was taking tea with a mandarin's eight wives—she was of course a female missionary. The Chinese ladies examined her clothing, her hair, her teeth and so on, but her feet especially amazed them.

"Why," one cried, "you can walk and run as well as a man!"

"Yes, to be sure," said the missionary.

"Can you ride a horse and swim, too?"

"Yes."

"Then you must be as strong as a man!"

"I am."

"And you wouldn't let a man beat you—not even if he was your husband—would you?"

"Indeed I wouldn't!" said the missionary.

"The mandarin's eight ladies looked at one another, nodding their heads. Then the oldest said softly:

"Now I understand why the foreign devil never has more than one wife. He is afraid."—*Detroit Free Press.*

White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"

Now ready, 1903 edition of the famous "Richard's Poor Almanack," the hit of 1902. Beautifully bound and illustrated humorous book. Sent for 10c. Address White Rock, Flatiron Bldg., New York City.

affect the climate and the fall of rain. Trees cool the atmosphere.

We can see the author busy with his notes when he was not deep in reflection. He must have had heaps of fun. Perhaps after all it was in a false spirit of economy that we spent that cent and saved the price of the book.
W. T. L.

From Our Readers

(Continued from page 731)

ing we couldn't sleep in the house, we closed it, leaving our new address written on a large card pinned to the door, and went to rooms.

Now I had to fight down my sharp hate for the brother, whose lameness had prevented my leaving my old position long since and striking out anew. Of course I should probably not have been able to keep her anyhow, but I hated him (the yellow streak) for having cut off the



IN THE MORNING ON ARISING TAKE 1/2 GLASS OF **Hunyadi Janos** THE BEST NATURAL LAXATIVE WATER

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HARPER & BROTHERS

chance—as if he had really cut it off, you see.

Every morning and evening I walked by the house we'd lived in, and looked at the card; and although it was far to go, the brother hobbled over there every noon, just to see if perhaps there might not be something written below our writing. But there never was.

We saved all we could, except at Christmas, when we thought she'd surely come, and we went to the old house and got up a great dinner—we spent \$60. When she didn't come we didn't eat, but went out and walked back to our rooms. In six months we had over six hundred dollars.

I then went to work on the road and invested all I earned. I have now, in eight years, made two hundred thousand dollars. Once I sent the brother to her and he told her we were always ready

(Continued on page 757)



There may be a babel of voices

At the Peace Confederation,
But there's unison when it comes to
An Esperanto cackinnation.

**HARTSHORN
SHADE ROLLERS**

Bear the script name of
Stewart Hartshorn on label.
Get "Improved," no tacks required.
Wood Rollers Tin Rollers

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A Toilet Treasure

Without exception the
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IN the Bath it is cooling
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Handkerchief and for
general Toilet use it is
delightful; after Shaving
it is simply the very best
thing to use.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT.
ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE!

From Our Readers

(Continued from page 756)

to do what we could, that we should
never ask a question, that she might have
her own house and servants, that we'd
stay away if she desired and see her only
when she wished. She thanked him. I'd
have gone, but I was afraid of breaking
at the wrong moment. I can't trust my-
self, you see. Besides, I'm older now,
and my hair is nearly white and I'm very
stooped, though I am only 41. She might
not like me.

"Mr. Kogel" has been succeeded by
another man in her affections. He is far
richer than I.

The brother writes me from New York
that he sometimes sees her. He's a re-
ligious little scoundrel and prays, prays,
and I am afraid has begun to drink,
though I've never seen him do so, and
he's always clean and careful when I
come to New York.

As my god departed with her, I am re-
moved from the former indulgence, and
as I may meet her again some time and
need to be fit, I cannot chance the latter.

I sleep four hours per night, so read
until two. Hence my interest in LIFE
and "The Girl in Green." Hence this
letter. Hence, no doubt, excessive ennui
on your part.

Yours,

November 6, 1909.

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Radcliffe & Co., New York, 144 Pearl St., & London, E. C.

Books Received

*Travels of Four Years and a Half in
the United States of America, During
1798, 1799, 1800, 1801, 1802,* by John
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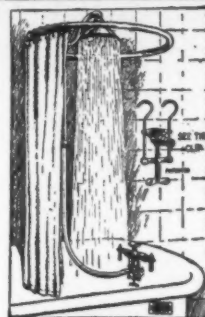
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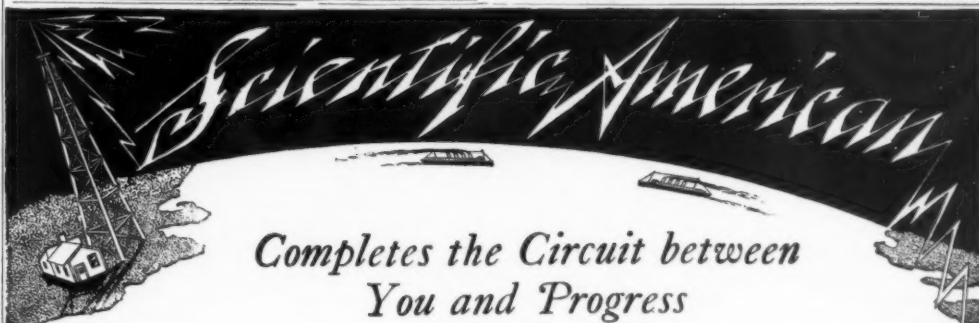
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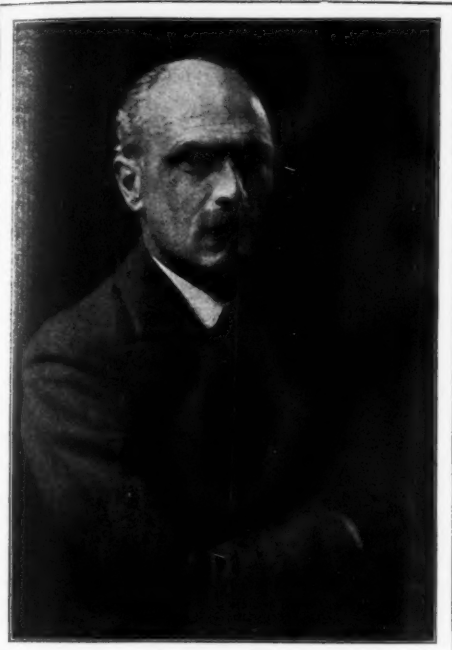
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